

The Runaway Chapter 2

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Jamie is now under protection of the infamous Martin Hoag, but will it be enough to keep her out of harms way?

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"It's not much," Martin told Jamie as they walked across the threshold, "But it's a home." Jamie's eyes travelled along the dirty cardboard walls and the ratty furniture. He was damned right it wasn't much. What was she doing here? She barely even knew the man.

Martin had time to study the girl as she took in her surroundings. She was very pretty with elven features, her little ears were even pointed. She was obviously scared; she was hunched over and quivering, her backpack clutched to her full chest. Martin was sure that if she had rabbit ears, she would have lowered them in fear.

"There is a key on the table," Martin informed her, "You can lock the door if you don't feel comfortable." Jamie's eyes widened. Was he saying that she should expect trouble? She decided to leave the key in the door so that if Martin had a key himself and tried to unlock the door from the other side, she would hear. As Martin pulled the sofa out to make a bed, she watched him. He was lightly tanned, very tall, perhaps well over six and a half feet tall. He was muscular, his biceps showing as he flapped the thinning duvet out to get rid of the dust. He had a ruggedly handsome face, his piercing blue eyes not unlike the frozen waters in the Antarctic. Could she trust him?

Jamie got absolutely no sleep that night. Martin's neighbours were definitely ambiguous, her head - board banging like a capgun every few seconds. She stuffed her head under her pillow but it eventually became too much.

"Oi!" She yelled, banging the flimsy wall, "Mr. Piston, give it a rest will ya!" There was a moment's silence before the two gave a raucous giggle and the bang bang bang started all over again. Jamie sighed and tried to get some sleep.

"Jamie! Jamie!" Jamie woke suddenly to an unfamiliar voice. A dark figure was looming over her. She tried to scream but her air was cut off by a hand clamping over her mouth. The other began to pull at her zippers and buttons, whilst her mother's screams rang in her ears.

"Where's your boyfriend?" An unpleasant voice hissed, the hands kneaded at her breasts, "Where is he?"

"No! No! No!" Jamie yelled. She fought the assailant, but he merely laughed. She saw the muzzle of a gun turn towards her and then it all went black.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Jamie woke to find herself lying on her back - eagled on the dirty floor of Martin's spare room. Silly girl, she chided herself, it was only a dream. But this didn't stop her from shivering. She pulled herself from the floor and carefully unlocked her door. It was pitch black. She wiggled her fingers in front of her face but could see nothing. Shit. She tiptoed to the bathroom but before she could reach the door something huge hit her leg. Jamie let out a faint hiss of a scream. She spun around but relaxed instantly. Her adjusted eyes could see that it was only the table.

"What time is it?" She said to herself.

"Six thirty." A voice answered. This time Jamie really did scream.

"You fucking bastard!" She spat, "You just took thirty years offa me!" Martin merely chuckled.

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"I'm sorry!" He said, throwing his hands up to show he had nothing to hide, "I was just up and was headed to the bathroom." Jamie noticed that his eyes stae don her face rather than on her extremely exposed legs.

"Oh," Jamie said quietly, noddng slightly, "You wanna go first?" She gestured for Martin to enter the bathroom but her shook his head.

"Ladies first."

"Age before beauty." Jamie answered back, playing up to the game. Martin smiled.

"I always let my guests go first..." Jamie sensed he had more to say so she waited.

"...No matter how ugly they are!" Martin continued, drawing a gasp and a 'you cheeky bastard' chickle from the girl. She marched through the door, her nose in the air and slammed it in his face. (Not before checking there was a lock, of course.) Martin chuckled and began to load a gun.

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